TOMASSON.

The Tale of a Materialized Figment. While I was falling in love with Miss Kenyou and becoming engaged to her I was too much tossed about in a maelstrom of new emotions to give any consideration to the rest of the world; but no sooner did I leave the house an accepted man than I was overwhelmed by an appalling thought. It was such a crusher that I had to stand still in the street and blink back at the stars for several moments before I could muster the

courage to go on. "There are not less than three hundred of them." I remarked to Sirius, meaning, not the heavenly bodies, but my friends on earth: "and I know that every one will feel himself called upon to attempt to say something funny about it."

Then there suddenly came to my mind the many ill-timed jests which I had been wont to make on love, matrimony and kindred subjects. Like a grewsome procession of spectres they deployed past, shaking their gory locks at me, until I shuddered and cried aloud:

"Alas! that I should have labored these many years to give myself the name of recluse and woman-bater, that am now the

addest of lovers!" My consternation at the deplorable outlook was so great that for a moment I was tempted to turn back and propose to Mabel that we should put the engagement in escrow, so to speak, until I could go out be made lighter and more easily endured. Next evening, when I saw Mabel, I explained to her the awkward situation in novel hero. Widespread and glorious which I was placed. To do this I had to should be the fame of Tomasson, and I its confess to my detestable habit of saying herald. mean things about women in general, and I Never before had I manufactured a friend to order, and for the moment the occupaseverely, to task: but, on the contrary, it tion held me with an irresistible fascina-

seemed to please her. She agreed very readily to my plan of eeping the engagement a profound secret "Luckily the same idea came to me last lectation, but as a beguilement for my son, I suppose," to which I answered: night," said Miss Kenyon; "and so I did not friends at the house. He had come into ex- "Yes;" and it became the formula as often tell any one about it.

"What! no one all?" "Not a single living soul!"
"Now, look here, Mabel, you must have told your mother, because you said a mo-"Why, of course, Arthur! You would not

ask me to conceal it from her, would you? "Certainly not; but you declared that you had not told anybody. Who else?"
"Nobody, Arthur. How wretchedly ekeptical men are! No one else at all—except Amy. Amy Lorne! Good heavens!"

"There, if you propose to speak to me 'No, no, dear. Please forgive me-only was taken aback at our plan being upset at

Upset! What do you mean, Mr. Seeley! If you think we can't trust Amy Lorne, you don't know her. She is as discreet and as rehable in a matter of this kind as-asam myself. Now, I am just glad it has ppened this way. It is a miserable tradition among men that women can't keep secrets. Now, sir, at the end of a month, I want you to investigate and see whether anybody knows anything about this engagement. I know that you will have to confess that your suspicions of Amy were

I will remark just here that during the ve or six weeks that followed, I heard no hint of the knowledge in any quarter of the engagement, from which I was obliged to admit that both the young ladies had The boarding-house where I resided was very much like a club or a fraternity.

Good Mrs. Rollin admitted none but single men, and these only on our unanimous vote. Most of us had been living at the house several years, and we had become very clapnish. As a matter of course, we were pretty well acquainted with one another's ways and habits. For myself, I had always led a life in which there was not the least element of secrecy, and very little, indeed, of rrivacy. My room in the evening was a favorite resort of gossipers coasted of having no women friends and of acknowledging no social obligations, so I went out it was either to the theater or to some one of the clubs of which I was a member. Not out of curiosity, but from mere good nature and politeness, the fellows were accustomed to call on me to account for all my absences, and I, nothing ath, would give full explanation. Thus far I had contrived, by the use o

various forms of prevarication, to head off quiry, but the situation was gradually ecoming critical. Miss Kenyon and I had greed that we were not to see one another oftener than twice a week, and yet, from one cause or another, it came about that I found it necessary to call almost every evening. Of course it was inevitable that general suspicion should begin to brow, and I presently made up my mind that nothing less than some heroic form of mendacity would save me.

down the stairway of the house where I lived, with the intention of going out to eral of the feilows.

Where are you going?" cried the chorus. "Over to the Ivanhoe," I answered omptly. It was the club where I generally played whist. I will go with you," said Tom Vernon,

reaching for his hat and stick. This was awkward, as I had really no intention of passing anywhere near the club-house, and it now became necessary to go there. Then Vernon insisted upon pointing out to me the various good whist players who were disengaged, and I was compelled to malign their skill to avoid being drawn into a game, At last I shook him off, and was about to heave, when one of the mem-bers of the club asked me to accompany him to the theater to see a certain actor whom he kpew I admired greatly.' "I am sorry." I said, "but I have an im-He came down the steps into the street

"Which way are going?" he asked. "To my rooms," I said, knowing that the theater lay in the opposite direction.
"I hate to go alone," said he; "I think I will walk over to the house with you, and see if I cannot get company.

There was nothing to be done but to go back to the house, thus wasting another

precious quarter of an hour, which I might have spent with Mabel. When we came inside there was the same observant crowd "What was the matter with the whist

game?" asked one of the men near the door. "No good players," I answered. Then I stopped for a moment under the gaslight, produced a package of letters from my pecket and opened one at random. "Does any one know whereabouts on South avenue the Hotel Brookside is?" I

None of them knew. How should they! There is a friend of mine from New Orleans stopping there," I said. "His name is Tomasson. I must look him up."

"Is there any pedigree that goes with a name like thatf" asked Harry Waller. "It is an odd name," I assented, "and he is a very peculiar fellow." Then becoming emboldened by the sight of unsuspecting credence in every face, I added, recklessly: "I will bring him round and let you compare him and his name." I was stopping to replace the letter, in which I had pretended to look up Tomasson's address, in my pocket, when Fred Hillhouse, who is one of the most thought-

ful and kindly fellows in the world, spoke up and said: By all means fetch him around and let as bely you to entertain him. Will he be here any length of time! "I don't know," I answered, "several

weeks perhaps. He doesn't say in his let-"Is he a society man?" asked Egerton; "I

"If he likes sport," shouted Morley, "I will take him to the Finnegan-Johnson

I was beginning to get very much confused. What sort of a man was my friend Tomasson? It was not enough to have merely bestowed existence upon him; I must now invest his airy nothingness with something more than a local habitation and a name; he must have such characteristics and prochvities 25 might be needed to give the two houses either died off or got killed, the two houses either died off or got killed, and she started very perceptibly animals when they want to eatch them. Yens led the way outside the inclosure, and that she had lived there. Then I remarked that she had lived there. It was a fine family, and she answered that she knew some of them. At last I suddenly spring the name of Tomasson, and looked keenly at her as I did so. She turned pale, and I

him respectable versimilitude. Instinctively I established him at a high standard. If I were to manufacture a friend, there was no reason why he should not be a su-

perior sort of mortal. "I think you would all like Tomasson," said, with my hand on the door knob, ready to make a retreat the moment that a suitaable opportunity showed itself; "he is really a splendid fellow. He goes in for sport, but does not tack refinement, by any means. I imagine that he is a shining light socially, although I don't know much about such matters. What I admire him for most is his brilliant intellect. However, I will eave you to judge him for yourselves." Then I made my escape out of the door, amid a general chorus of "Bring him around. Let us look at him!"

At first I was inclined to congratulate myself at the creation of Tomasson. For an off-hand piece of work it was really quite an astistic job. In a few careless sentences I had succeeded in investing him with such a live reality that general interest was excited in the manner of his suitaable entertainment. To me he was likely to be the most convenient form of a friend ever devised—a sort of a patron saint of alibis, with whom, under one pretext or another, I might be supposed to spend all the time which it was my real intention to devote to Mabel. In my imagination I pictured myself, night after night, waylaid by the same crowd at the door, and passing through always the same brief dialogue:

"Where are you going!" "Where are you going?"

"Over to see Tomasson."

Blessed Tomasson! He had come to me in my direst need, and had generously placed his time and labor—his very self. in fact—at my disposal. There was nothing which I would not gladly do for him in return. If he liked money, there was no reason why I should not bestow millions upon him. He might many the loveling woman. escrow, so to speak, until I could go out and reconstruct my reputation. If I could only obtain a temporary reprieve, during which to make a public exhibition of some sackeloth and ashes, my punishment might endowed with the accomplishments, man-ners and conversation of an old-fashioned

> tion. But as I went on grafting one virtue istence to fill a need, and the qualities with which I invested him must be such as would best enable him to carry out his object in life. It would be a fine thing, forsooth, if I was to excite such a degree of public interest over the excellencies of Tomasson that my friends would, so to speak, serve a writ of habeas corpus on me. and demand that I produce his person. In-deed, I had recklessly laid myself open to this very complication by offering to bring Tomasson to the house. At the moment I had attached no importance to the promise, for the reason that I looked upon Tomasson as a mere transient, who could be induced to move on to some other abidingplace at a moment's notice. But if I pro-posed to avail myself permanently of his services, I must manage in some way to give him the gift of fernseed and make him walk invisible. To accomplish this it might be necessary to put the poor fellow through a course of misfortunes, or envelop him in a dark shroud of mystery, or per-haps despoil him of some of his noblest

> As I turned the situation over in my mind, Tomasson, the heroic, the grand, the exemplary, began to fade away, and in his place appeared the strange, undefined nucleus of a Tomasson, to which characterstics should rally as fast as circumstances made them necessary. I hastily prospected the conversation through which I had just passed, and sought in my own utterances for the elements of this nucleus. Tomasson was "peculiar," but "a splendid fellow," who went in for sport and society, was re-fined, and had a "brilliant intellect." It was fortunate that I had called him "peculiar." Through the medium of its farreaching significance, every other characteristic could be rendered inoperative at a moment's notice, and, if needed, a horde

of idiosyncrasies could be unleashed upon A number of times that evening I found myself at the point of telling Mabel all about Tomasson; but something restrained Perhaps it was the thought that he might be destined for some dark and dangerous career, of which she had best remain in ignorance, and perhaps I held back because I was unwilling that she should learn that her future husband could be guilty of such stupendous mendacity. Before I went down to breakfast the next morning I had the campaign pretty well planned out. It was to attire Tomas son in the habiliments of a ready-made mystery. I thought best to make it a mystery about a woman, because that is the most interesting kind, and would give

larger range to Tomasson's peculiarities and my own eccentric movements. At the breakfast table I was met, as I had anticipated, with a rattle of inquiries about my friend.

'Did you find Tomasson?" "Yes, after some difficulty," I answered: "the Hotel Brookside no longer exists, but I found the bearding-house into which it had been metamorphosed. We spent a One evening—I think it was about the him again to-night." long will he stay in the city!

asked Hillhouse. "That depends," I said. "He is not here see Mabel, but in the hall I came upon sev- | for pleasure—that is, not exactly. He may stay a week, and he may stay a month or "Will he go to the Loreley concert?" de

manden Woolcott. "No," I said, frowning and shaking m head slowly. "Iam afraid not." "Prefers the fight, of course. Any sensible man would," exclaimed Morley. "No, no," I said hastily, "Tomasson will

not go anywhere. I doubt, indeed, whether he even comes here to this house. This may seem strange to you, but it would not if you knew the cause of his visit here. The fact is," here I pretended to get embarrassed, "Tomasson asked me not to mention his name to any one, as he does not want his presence here known. Well, he spoke too late, as I had already told all of you. His is a strange and interesting story. and after he is gone I will tell it, but if you will, I wish you would forget about him for This appeal had exactly the effect that I

had anticipated. It made any further pubic discussion of Tomasson impossible. There was momentary confusion and silence, and then the conversation changed I knew that this would do well enough for a general explanation, but there were individuals in the group who, by reason of my special intimacy with them, were entitled to a greater degree of confidence. It would not be asked, and yet it might be

Harry Waller as my first victim, and managed it that we should walk down town "Harry," I said, "I want to tell you something about this Thomason affair, partly because I want your advice, and partly because I know that the fellows are likely to comment upon it among themselves, and 1 want you to be in a position to correct any misunderstanding that may arise. It is quite probable that you will never meet Tommason, and I think I do no harm in partially violating his confidence.' "Hold on," said Waller; "do you expect

expected, and, if not volunteered, I might

risk various suspicions. So I picked out

me to keep his story a secret?" "Well, not exactly," said I; "you might speak of it to Hillhouse or Woolcot, for example, and yet I would not like it to be-

"I understand," said Waller. I felt much relieved that he understood, for I hardly comprehended my own idea. Thereupon I proceeded to reel off a long and complicated piece of fiction, the plot of which might have successfully formed the | I have made an engagement with her to | the youngsters to make room for me, placbasis of a Bowery melodrama. There was something about a feud between two old Mississippi families, of which Tomasson's was one. There was an elopement and se-cret marriage, and life in a villa near New Orleans. Then followed a few neighborly shootings and killings, in the midst of net think this of you. I supposed natu-which Tomasson and his stolen wife quar-reled, and she returned to her family. Here grin that I should have succeeded where shootings and killings, in the midst of the story began to grow longer and more | you have failed, but if you really have reexciting than I had anticipated, but as it | gard for poor Tomassongratified my own asthetic sense, and evidently captivated my listener, I let it take "It is just possible," said Woolcott, "that but possesses brains and refinement. In that case, I have an extra ticket for the Loreley concert, which is at his service."

dently captivated my listener, I let it take its course. There was a tragic seene when the cruel parent refused to receive back his penitent daughter, and she took the next train for some unknown locality. Then I allowed a couple of years to pass, during which most of the belligerent members of allowed a couple of years to pass, during which most of the belligerent members of the two houses either died off or got killed,

It appears that he had good reason to suppose that Mrs. Tomasson was in this city. and he proposed to execute a thorough

It had occurred to me that I might make Tomasson point a moral as well as adorn a tale, so I took advantage of the opportunity to dilate, en passant, upon the exquisite happiness of Tomasson's married life-while it lasted-and to declare that he had quite convinced me, by the enthusiasm with which he had described that period, that my preconceived notions of the matrimonial state were seriously in error.

"But Tomasson's marriage, it appears, terminated in disaster," said Waller. I admitted that it did, but found a reason in the secret element which untoward circumstances had thrown into it. "And you see," I said, "how determined Tomasson is to call back his lost happiness. He will travel thousands of miles and spend his money and his life in the search for that woman. I have placed my time at his dis-

posal, and will work with him. Thereupon Harry entered into the undertaking with an interest and enthusiasm that made me almost ashamed of the trick that I was playing. He begged to be taken into our plans and allowed to assist in the work. I assured him that this was impossible, as Tomasson was naturally very sensitive about the whole matter, and would not like to extend the circle of his confi-

"He is a peculiar fellow, you understand, Then Harry demanded to know what method of search we proposed to employ. and, on the spur of the moment, I outlined a campaign which, in its intricate completeness, would have probably astonished Vi

Waller gave no small assistance in the development of this part of the plot, by suggesting various avenues of search which I had passed unnoticed. He promised to render such explanations to the boys as would prevent them from questioning me about my absence, and with this we parted. I felt that I had done a masterly piece of work in selecting Waller as my pseudo-con-fidant. Of all the fellows he was the one that I had most to fear, both for his shrewd discernment and for his habit of dealing in badinage. I had disarmed my most dangerous enemy and made of him a shield against

the others. Everything turned out exactly as I had after another upon the parent stock of a name, it suddenly occurred to me that I came down stairs to go out, Hillhouse rehad not created Tomasson for my own de- marked: "You are going over to see Tomasas I was met at the door when departing to see Mabel. No questions were asked about Tomasson, and if he came into any conversation at all, it was only because I thought best to refer to him once in a while to keep up the verisimilitude of the thing. Knowing that Waller had told something of his story, it gave me a wicked delight to throw out vague and mysterious hints of adventures with which I met when in his com-

In the meantime I was industriously reforming myself. The wanton misogynist ate his own sarcasms in a not-too-ostensible penitence. I exhibited a disposition of a mild and pastoral type, such as I imagined a young man who could fall into love and get married without astonishing his friends might display. I listened with an unconscionable degree of interest to Hillhouse's rhapsodies about his sisters, and promised Egerton that I would "tackle society" as soon as the departure of Tomasson should give me more leisure. In this way I gradually worked along toward the disclosure which I knew must soon be made. 1 believe that everything would have

turned out right to the end of the chapter had I not become enamored-after the fashion, I believe, of story-tellers-with my own inventive powers, and afflicted with a longing to pay out to the last stiver the coinage of my brain. Moreover, the more I thought about Thomasson, the more interesting he became, and the more wished to develop him. As I had begun with Waller, and had once broken in upon the sacred confidence of my mysterious friend, there was no reason why I should not continue to keep him informed of all the interesting details connected with the case. It was not long before he came to regard an accounting of each evening's experience as his right and privilege, and I was compelled to spend a half an hour or so every night after I retired in simmering down a concection of phantasies to be ladled out to him in the morning. I might have been annoyed at this had I not derived so much satisfaction from watching the voracity of my innocent victim. I now understand why it is that the most conscientious men will not hesitate to deceive women—it is because, as a rule, the ease of the operation gives it a charm so intense as

to be irresistible. I had been parading the sorrows of Tomasson for several weeks, and was about ready to have him discover the longlost wife in a remarkable adventure of some kind, and then leave town by the next train, when Harry Waller came into my room one evening and announced that he had some very important information

"It concerns a friend of yours," he said, closing the door behind him and turning the key in the lock. I was engaged in the task of trying to decide which necktie Mabel should see me wear that evening. I looked around at Waller, and was struck with the very unusual earnestness and excitement in his

"Seeley," he exclaimed, "I have found | Boston Herald. "Impossible," I cried, meaning more by the expression probably than he ever sus-

"I have, though," continued Waller. He went over and straddled a chair, and, without taking his eyes off my face, he nodded his head slowly a half dozen times. I suffered a momentary panic, during which I turned back to the glass and put on the worst tie in the lot; then the spirit of St. Ananias whispered in my ear: "Dissemble, temporize, or you are discovered!" "You surprise me," I stammered; "are vou c-certain?"

"Certain, sure," he answered; "perhaps ! have done an unwarrantable thing in taking a hand in this matter, but the way it has turned out, I am confident that Tomasson will forgive me. "What have you been doing?" I de-

"I have felt dissatisfied for some time," answered Waller, "with the way this search was being carried on. It was unsystematic and incomplete. So while you and Comasson have been fooling with detectives and wandering about the streets at night, I have been working on a method of my own. You remember that you told me that she was finely educated in music. The poor woman had to support herself, and decided that it must be by piano lessons. went to the music stores and obtained lists of all the lady teachers in the city, and then proceeded to look them up one after another. I pretended I wanted instruction for a supposititious sister of mine, and some forty-three teachers had to be deluded into thinking they were about to secure a new pupil before I found the right

"But how do you know that she is the right one? Surely she does not bear Tomasson's name still?" "Of course not. She has prefixed a 'Mrs." to her own family name and dresses as a widow. She is Mrs. Ripley. "Ripley!" I ejaculated; "Ah," said Waller, with a cunning look,

"you have probably forgotten that in the very first conversation we had together about Tomasson, you mentioned the name of the other family in the feud. I remem-Had I mentioned it? Had I? I recalled the fact that I had lugged as many names as possible into that first great lie-but

Ripley-Ripley?
"Ha! ha!" said Waller, getting up from the chair, with a laugh; "I imagine you never expected to find such an expert in me. Now put on your coat and come along. meet you this evening. "The dence you have!" I exclaimed.
Waller eyed me for a moment in such a

peculiar way that I was afraid I had betraved myself. "Now, look here, Seeley," said he, "I did "No, no," I interrupted, "you misunder-stand me. I am delighted-only that I can hardly believe that you are right. It must

be some other woman.'

talked with her for half an hour." "What did you say? "Lasked her if I had not seen her in New Orleans, and she started very perceptibly

"But, I tell you, I know," he shouted. "I

was afraid she was going to faint. How do you account for that? I could account for it easily enough. Waller had found some music-teacher—a Southern lady—and had bewildered her with absurd questions, until she had made up her mind he was a maniae and had been frightened half to death. However,

could not tell him that. "It certainly does look as though she must be Mrs. Tomasson," I said, utterly confounded and at a loss. As I slowly drew or my coat an idea struck me. He had not described the lady's appearance. Perhaps I could checkmate him there.

"Is she short, or tall?" I asked.

"Well, medium," he answered, "Tomasson says his wife was very tall," remarked, dubiously. "I am so tall myself that it is hard for me to estimate a woman's height," said Waller: "when she stood up-let me see-" and he indicated with his hand an altitude

which would very nearly entitle the lady to a place in a museum. "What was the color of her hair?" I demanded, and as I did so I felt a triumphant thrill, for I was sure I had him cornered. If he made her a brunette I would have her a blonde, and vice versa.

"Not the woman—just as I suspected all along," I said: "you know these Southern women are all brunettes, and Mrs. Thomason was of the darkest type."
"Her hair had been bleached." Waller remarked, with the utmost sang froid: knew it the instant I looked at her and

"Very light blonde," he

increased my suspicion. Her eyebrows and lashes are very dark. I smothered an exclamation of fury, but before I recovered my composure I found that I had put on my hat and overcoat and was ready to stant. We went down stairs together. On the lounge in the halltlay Fred Hillhouse, and

as we passed he addressed himself to "Where are you going, Harry?" "We are going over to see Tomasson." There was an air of rascally satisfaction in the way my companion spoke. Hill-house gazed at us in mild surprise, but said nothing.

"I thought it best to say that," remarked

Waller, as soon as we got outside the door, "so as to throw him off the scent." He evidently thought that he had done a brilliant thing, and I was in no condition of mind to enter into dispute with him. Presently he hailed a street car, and I observed with some gratification that it was of the line which led to the part of the city in which Mabel lived. After seeing this woman, whoever she was, and convincing Waller that she was not Mrs. Tomasson, I could, without much delay, make my customary call on Miss Kenyon. Waller continued to ply me with questions about Mrs. Tomasson, which I was too much annoyed to answer very carefully. It was a clear case that I was on the verge, either of a disagreeable exposure of all my mendacity, or of an awkward interview with this unknown woman. What would she think of us, and how should we explain our -absurd conduct? Waller was bent on going-that was plain enough-and what would be do when he came face to face with the supposed Mrs. Tomasson?
My consternation doubled when we came to the very street in which Miss Kenyon

lived, and I saw Waller making prepara-tions to get off the car. What ill luck that it should be in her neighborhood! If any-thing strange or unpleasant should happen, it would be sure to come to her ears, and how could I account for it? "This way," said Waller: "it is the large stone house with the fir trees in the yard "What, does she live there?" I exclaimed. "Oh, no," said he. "She told me that she expected to visit there this evening, and we could call on her then. The Lornes live there. Do you know Amy Lorne?-very

nice girl. I don't mind telling you, Seeley, that I recently became engaged to her." "Amy Lorne," I gasped. This was Ma-bel's "best friend." "Yes; very nice girl-only she will tell secrets. All do that, you know. Ought not to trust 'em. "Look here," I said, savagely, grasping his arm, "how long have you known about

"From the first." "And Mrs. Tomasson?" "She is a fit spouse for Tomasson himself. If fact, she is bone of his bone and flesh of

We had come to the large stone house. "Will you come in," asked Waller; "you need not fear Mrs. Tomasson any longer." "No," I said, "I am going across the However, I stood still for a moment on the curbstone. I felt as if I had just suffered a stroke of intellectual paralysis. "I suppose," said Waller, eyeing me curiously, "that you are meditating a general holocaust of the Tomassons." "They shall be butchered before the ris-

ng of the sun. "I wouldn't," said Waller; "Tomasson now, appears to be a very handy sort of man. Who knows what use we may have for him-afterward?" "Verily, you are right," said I. We shook

hands silently on this felonious design, and the life of Tomasson was spared. -Philip Firmin, in San Francisco Argonaut.

THE MAYPLOWER Interesting Facts Regarding the Vessel That Landed the Pilgrims.

A new training brig has recently been launched at the Pembroke dock-yard in England. This latest comer in the English navy has been christened Mayflower, the last of a long line of vessels of that name. This has brought out the interesting and little-known fact that the Pilgrims' Mayflower of 1620 was at one time an English warship. The name is one of the oldest ship names in the English navy, going back to 1415, when a vessel with that name carried some of the knights who fought in Agincourt across the channel. Her successor—the Mayflower of 1447—was the flag-ship of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, But the Mayflower of 1630 was an old Armada veteran long before she came across the Atlanite, and took a prominent part in that historic sea fight in 1588, fightng alongsine of Drake's Revenge and Hawkin's Victory. In the fight off Gravelines, when the Armada made a last desperate attempt to save itself from utter rout. the Mayflower's part was a prominent one. According to a recent writer in the London Graphic the ship was one of the chief ones contributed to Queen Elizabeth's fleet by the merchants of the city of London, but Goodwin's "Pilgrim Republic" states that the officials of Lynn offered the Mayflower (150 tons) to join the fleet against the dreaded Spanish Armada. The Graphic erroneously implies that the Mayflower ended her days ingloriously in the slave trade between Gnines. and America. Goodwin, in reference to this rumor, says that the slaver Mayflower was a ship of 350 tons, while the Pilgrim vessel was only 150. The latter came to Salem in 1629, and the last known of her was when she was one of a fleet that landed John Winthrop and his colonists at Charlestown in 1630.

MILKING THE REINDEER. Great Herds Driven Into Inclosures and Attended to by the Women.

Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle. When we reached the Lapp encampment. which consisted of a number of nuts scattered about in a grove of birch trees, we found the men and women absent. Jacob. my guide, pulled aside the skin covering which closed the entrance to one of the huts. when a couple of fine dogs sprang out at us barking and growling, a greeting which was changed to a more gentle welcome when they recognized my little guide. stooped down and entered the hut, and found it inhabited by three or four childrep, one of whom was a baby. The elder girl gave me a welcome, and bundled out ing a reindeer skin on the ground for me to recline on. However, Jacob would not let me rest, but made me understand there was something to be seen outside.

A hundred yards or so away was an in-closure called a rengiærde, formed of birch branches, into which the reindeer had been brought to be milked. The old-chief, Yens. with a number of companions of both sexes, was attending to the animals. Yens came up and shook hands, and tried to carry on a conversations with me in his own tongue. but, of course, the effort proved abortive. I was then taken inside the ring among the deer, and had a good opportunity of in-

specting the animals.

They had just been milked, and the women were gathering up their lassoes, which they throw over the horns of the animals when they want to catch them. Yens led the way outside the inclosure, and when we were safely posted at a little distance the deer were let out. It was a fine sight to see the thousands of animals, with READING FOR SUNDAY.

Death Undisguised. "O Death, thou subtle Proteus, that dost wear Such shifting shapes in human phantasies. Fain would I see thy face without disguise, And know thee as thou art, for foul or fair."

Then Death appeared, responsive to my prayer, In his own aspect, granchy calm and wise, With a strange light of knowledge in his eyes, But kind and gracious—and he blest me there. And from that day, as friend would walk with

We walk the world together, he and I.
And oft he holds with me high colloquy;
So that the ways of life through which we wend Are lit with fuller purpose, and the end And final goal seems blent with the far sky. Frank T. Marzials, in the Academy. International Sunday - School Lesson for

May 11, 1890. FEEDING THE MULTITUDE-Luke ix, 10-17. Golden Text-Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. -John vi, 35.

HOME READINGS. Mon.—Luke ix, 10-17. Feeding the multitude. Tues.—I Kings xvii, 8-16. The meal increased. Wed.—Psalm evii, 1-9. The soul satisfied. Thu.—Exodus xvi, 11-18. The manna. Fri.—John vi, 5-14. Blessing a boy's bread. Sat.—John vi, 26-35. The true manna. Sun .-- John vi, 43-51. The bread of life. WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Independent. The parallel passages should be carefully read and compared. Thus it will be seen that it is not a miracle for the sake of ostentation, but it became one of love and necessity. It was the season of the Passover at Jerusalem, and Jesus could not attend, so violent was the hatred against Him. But here is an opportunity sent from on high. This multitude is typical of the enormous crowds in Jerusalem. The desert, bare of physical sustenance, is like unto the temple bare of spiritual life. He decides to celebrate the feast of the Passover among His followers. Christ demonstrates to the world that mere place has no claim to holiness. The desert was less defiled than the temple. A ritual of food or word s is unimportant. As long as the higher life is stimulated, what matter the place or the way? Probably as many conversions take place outside of the walls of the church as

Christ must have been greatly bothered by this persistent crowd. They spoiled His peace. His private talk with His disciples and His coveted rest. Yet He welcomed them. Petty annoyances are not often welcomed by any of us. When a book-agent calls it is not the kingdom of God that we are apt to preach at him. It is not necessary to welcome uncalled-for interruptions, but it is a part of Christian manhood not to lose one's temper when they do occur. It often happens that they who hold the highest positions, and whose time is most valuable, are the very ones who excel in courtesy to those that trouble them. In many a socalled annoyance there may lurk the rare chance of helping a poor soul or of influ-

encing a wavering character. "Give ye them to eat" is the essence of practical Christianity. Christ fed the poor himself; He did not draw His check: There are many pious men who give largely to foreign missions and who refuse to go into the fetid tenements of their own town, or even across the street to help save a soul. To hire some one else to do one's praying, giving and saving of souls is a part of the subtle system of modern religious bypocrisy. Ecclesiastical begging and moral sub-scription papers have had their palmiest day. Let each one act his own Christian impulse and not expect a hired man to do it

or even a subscription to help him do his straight duty.
Christ understood the art of command. He had the qualities of a successful general. He recognized the principle that one man cannot do the work of ten. He gave the order; His disciples executed it. He was the head of a system on which depended the success of His mission.

The successful pastor is not the music committee, the finance committee, the supply committee, and a dozen others. He is the executive head, or ought to be. He delegates to others the duties he has neither the time nor the ability to perform. The modern church must be cast on strict business principles, with a head who combines the executive with the spiritual, or it will not be a success. If anything is fatal to a church, it is for the minister to try to do all of the work.

The blessing before a meal is becoming obsolete in many families that are nominally Christian. Wby not bless a new book we buy? they say, or the pair of shoes just sent home? Why not? Of course; do so. Bless God for any good thing he has given you the ability to get. But remember that the custom of blessing food was instituted by Christ. Food for the body is symbolic of food for the soul. It is in the spirit of imitation of Christ, that should be prac-ticed in every phase of life, that the blessing of food takes its spiritual significance.

Of General Interest. A movement is on foot in Philadelphia to call a world's convention on missions in

Dr. Talmage says the money for his new tabernacle is coming in steadily all the

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church will meet in Buffalo, N. Y., May 28.

The Ohio Church History Society (Congregational) will hold its first annual meeting in Ashtabula May 6. Arrangements are now complete for the international congress of alcoholism to be eld in Christiania in the autumn.

quarter of Chicago, containing about 40,-000 people, there is church accommodation for only about 2,500. The American Baptist Missionary Union has closed its year with a debt of nearly \$8,000, the receipts, \$440,778, falling this

Miss Willard says that in the Bohemian

much behind the appropriations. The American Missionary Association, at the end of six months of its current financial year, finds itself \$65,000 in advance of where it stood at the same period last year. The Sacramento Presbytery voted against revision, but on the next day adopted an overture to the General Assembly asking that the word elect, in the verse "elect infants dying in infancy," be stricken out. The seventeenth National Conference of

Charities and Correction will meet in Baltimore on May 14. The sessions will last a week. Nearly one thousand delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada will attend.

Miss Juanita Breckenbridge, a student in Oberlin Theological Seminary, has applied for license to preach, and thus raised the question whether Congregational conferences should license women. The matter will not be decided until the fall meeting of the Cleveland conference.

Rev. A. Thornbrue, of Fontanelle, Ia., writes: "The Francis Murphy gospel temperance meetings resulted in 650 joining the total abstinence ranks. Those who know the peculiar surroundings of Fon-tanelle will doubtless look upon this great victory with glad hearts, as it will most surely lead to better days. We devoutly thank God for this signal victory."

Thoughts for the Day. We may be as good as we please if we please to be good.-Barrow. The church that has no missionaries will

Christ's discipleship is always practical: it is of the heart and of the hand, as well as of the head .-- C. H. Spurgeon. The harder our work the more we need solitude and prayer, without which work becomes mechanical and insincere.-Mc-

soon have no ministers .- Hitchcock,

It is part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, resolute in adversity; to despise what the vulgar admire, and to prefer a mediocrity to an excess. - Seneca. Christ is risen. O how do those words change the whole aspect of human life! The sunlight that gleams forth after the world has been drenched, and dashed, and terrified with the black thunder-drops, reawakening the song of birds, and reillumi-nating the bloom of the folded flowers. does not more gloriously transfigure the landscape than those words transfigure the

life of man.-Farrar. Best Bait for Black Bass.

Pittsburg Dispatch. Probably the best bait for black bass is the dobson, the larvæ of the dragon-fly. Mr. A. C. Collins, whose experience is very extended, finds the best way to secure this bait is to take an iron barrel-hoop, to which a net of mosquito netting is attached. He selects some place in a brook where the shores are tringed with alders, and, wading in, with the aid of a noc scoops up a peck of

the leaves and mud from the bottom. He takes this ashore, dumps the accumulammediately begin to crawl out, when they are placed in a jar or box, in which are some of the decayed leaves from the stream.

Thus provided they will live several days without water. Mr. Collins considers the dobson a most taking lure for black bass, it being with in his experience while fishing with an expert fisherman who was using

minnows and he the bug to kill three fish to the other's one.

WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Philadelphia Inquirer. The savoir faire of the writer is at a glance betrayed by the way in which the stamp is affixed Although many ladies still use the mono

gram seals, the sealing-wax is not as much

in vogue as formerly. Black feathers in the hair are affected by golden-brown heads. This odd fancy also offers a novel contrast to light-toned gowns. the unique but sombre-hued idea being followed out in the fan, shoes and gloves.

Careful housekeepers will find the rav-eled thread from old linen the most satisfactory means of stopping tiny breaks in tablecloth or napkin, although linen floss from the draper's may be procured for this A whim in stationery is to inclose in the

wedding invitation a small envelope in which you place your card. This presented at the church door enables the bride to know which of her friends have been present at the wedding.

In place of the fur or feather boa we have an extreme stylish-looking affair for the throat, made of a net-work plait, from which a grelot dangles here and there. The most popular shade for the street toilet is, of course, black. For evening wear those in white are very elegant.

Spinach is called by the French people the broom of the stomach, because it keeps that department of the interior in such fine order. Here is Catharine Owen's recipe for spinach fritters, which I hardly think are as wholesome as boiled spinach: Boil the spinach until quite tender; drain, press and mince it fine; add half the quantity of grated stale bread, one grate of nutmeg. and a small teaspoonful of sugar; add a gill of cream and as many eggs as will make a thick batter, beating the whites separately; pepper and salt to taste. Drop a little at a time in boiling lard. If it does not form in fritters, add a little more bread-crumbs. in them. It would be a pity if it were not Drain and serve immediately or they will

It is very smart these days to be exceed ngly simple in street dress. The swagger girl makes herself as smooth, and plain, and snug as possible. There must be no flying ribbons, no jingling chatelaines, no rattling bangles. The severe linen collar and cuffs have again appeared, and the swell young woman is going about again with her chin in the air, looking for all the world like a tightly curbed horse. She must be simple, too, in her diet. So runs fashion's mandate. Therefore she goes in for brown bread and drinks vichy instead of champagne. A drink which many pretty women are imbibing in the secrecy of their chambers along with their "dearest" is the facinating, insidious, beautifully colored creme de menthe. It's delicious nector to taste, but look out for it! The bite of the serpent and the sting of the adder are mild to its

effect. Nearly all the colleges now have their doors more or less open to women. The western and younger institutions have no ajar about it, but have entire equality of opportunity. The ancient conservative schools of the East are taking the steps but more reluctantly and slowly. Harvard has an annex that has been in operation ten years, and increased in number of students from twenty-five to 250. The centennial and other great expositions of attract ive productions have had an annex, and in many cases it contained more of value and beauty than the main structure. It is the uniform report that the young women in their chosen lines keep as near the high marks as the male students. This is the case in the departments of mental development and acquirement, but in the athletic phases of higher academic life the men still have the monopoly. In base-ball, foot-ball and boating the ladies have hardly got a start. They are beginning with the oar, and may yet twirl the bat. They swing the clubs well, and will in time need no odds in domestic controversies.

THE SUCCULENT CRAB. Where It Is Caught and Marketed-"Comers," "Shedders" and "Busters."

Crisfield (Md.) Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch. This little town furnishes most of the crabs all the year around for the markets of the leading cities of this country. The crabs are caught in the Chesapeake bay. and are packed in crates and barrels for shipment. Over half the inhabitants of the town make their living out of crabbing. Whenever a female crab is scooper up in the crabber's net it is always thrown back into the bay; that keens up the propagation, and hence the supply is always adequate for the demand. It also accounts for the luscious quality of the huge blue

crab caught in these waters. The crabs are caught during every month in the year, and in all stages of development. Millions of crabs are shipped North on the East Shore railroad every year, and the Maryland soft crabs meet Jersey soft crabs in New York markets on equal footing in spite of the difference in the distance they are carried. The crabs in market in winter are always hard-shells, and, in fact, they would be if they were brought from the tropics. They are dredged or raked out of the mud in the Chesapeake and its estua ries, and thousands of them are caught by

The crabs are dormant from fall until prings even in the Gulf of Mexico, where they are more abundant than anywhere else on this country's coast. In the spring. when they come out of the mud and masses of seaweed, they go right into the business of shedding. Really, it seems as if the crab had little else to do in summer but shed his shell and get a new one of larger caliber. The hard crab first puts on s leathery undergarment, and while it is growing he is known as a "comer." In a day or two, when this under skin is completed, he is a "shedder," and then he is fitted for bait, because his hard shell can then be stripped off, leaving the leathery integument entire.

In this condition he is more valuable than a soft crab, owing to the constant demand for bait, and the fact that the "shedders" are less frequently caught than soft crabs. In a single day the "shedder" parts his shell and becomes a "buster." Taken then he is the best of bait, but left in the water a few hours he will throw off his shell, crawl out of it entire, and commence to swell and stretch out his elastic covering. Then he is a soft crab par excel-

On the night of the day the crab divests himself of his mistit shell he is in the best condition for frying. In another day, if he is not taken from the water, his new covering becomes like parchment, and in twelve hours more the parchment hardens so that it just yields to pressure. Then he is known as a "buckler," and is of little use except as a broiler. The crab-fishing business is put down at

\$500,000 per year by the Fish Commissioner, and probably the estimate is by no means complete, and it is difficult to obtain accurate information from the men engaged in any kind of tishing. In Virginia and Maryand there are several big canning factories putting up crab meat for inland cities, and the business is carried on extensively. The crabs are caught in summer by baiting set lines with tripe or fish, and the catch per man will average sixty dozen a day.

All the soft crabs taken during the summer are sent to market, and in May and early June the only soft crabs to be found in New York come from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. In the latter part of June soft crabs begin to be caught in Jersey waters, and the price then de-

clines. When soft crabs are scarce \$2 or \$2.25 per dozen is not regarded as an excessive price; but in the height of the season the ruling price is \$1 for large crabs, and 75 cents for medium and small, "Shedders" seldom go below 75 cents a dozen, and are more frequently valued at \$1.50, and sometimes command \$3 per dozen. Taking a crab out of water arrests the process of development, and packed in sea-weed in a cool place the shedder or soft crab will remain alive for several weeks without undergoing any change. Cleveland and Tammany.

Philadelphia Press

And to think that only a year and a half ago Grover Cleveland, in his ponderously platitudinous way, wrote a letter informing his countrymen that Tammany Hall had always borne an honorable part "in maintaining the true spirt of American institu-tions!" Another instance in which the "Complete Letter Writer" was cruelly overOUT OF THE ORDINARY.

There is a lady living in Clarke county. Georgia, who has never tasted or taken a drink of water in her life.

There are 110 different varieties of strawberries growing in the experimental gardens at the Kansas State Agricultural Col-

A Georgia lad, ten years of age, has an unusually large head. He wears a No. 814 hat, and it is a difficult job to find one large enough for him in any of the stores. It is said that only one colored man has ever applied for a liquor license in Wheel-ing, W. Va. His name is Hamilton Davis, and he applied recently, and was successful. A year ago two Davison, Mich., men went to court over an eighteen-dollar item. The case has finally been decided by the Supreme Court, and the costs have been an

The oldest man ever applying for a marriage license in West Virginia was Renben Shinn, aged ninety-six, who was given a license, at Sisterville, to marry a woman tifty years of age.

even \$600.

Professor Forster, of Breslau, states that 300 cases have come under his notice in which the eyesight has been affected by the disturbance of the circulation caused by wearing tight collars.

John B. Parshall, a compositor in the Delhi, N. Y., Gazette office, recently set up the notice of three golden weddings. He set up the marriage notice of the same couples fifty years ago-a remarkable coin-

A prominent English electrician affirms the value of lightning conductors, although they are not always reliable. He said that there is almost as much danger of being hanged for murder as being struck by

Mr. Beckton, of Plant City. Fla., has been ingaged in catching and selling rabbits to Ybor City the past year, and during that time, within an area of six miles square, has caught 1,900 rabbits. They sell readily at 25 cents each.

Quite recently two immense swarms of bees were smoked out of the chimneys the Methodist Church at Colusa, Cal., and at last accounts they were fighting a third swarm, which seemed determined to occupy that section of the sanctuary. In a blacksmith-shop at Audlem, Eng-

land, a robin has built a nest on a ledge close to where the horses are shod, and is now sitting upon its eggs. Neither the din of the hammer nor the flying sparks from the anvil appear to disturb the bird. There is a craze in London for queen eather. Some shops are stocked with fancy articles made from the skin of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes, including pelican skins, lion and panther skins, fish skins, monkey skins and snake skins,

Filial piety in China does not die out with the advance of Western ideas, A provincial Governor recently petitioned the imperor for leave to retire on account of the health of his grandmother, which required his personal attention during the rest of her life.

There was a child born in Cowlitz county, Washington, the other day, which, although otherwise strong and physically perfect, had no openings at the eyes, the skin completely covering those members. A surgical operation was performed to suply the deficiency. The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Aus-

tralia. They are sometimes more than a

foot across the shell, and the oyster fits the

shell so well he does not leave much margin. It is also said that their flavor and delicacy are proverbial. Sumter county, Georgia, is scourged with millions of fleas, from the attacks of which small animals and chickens are said to be lying by hundreds. The flea is of the Mexican variety, brought here by the hundred of Texas and Mexican horses scat-

tered over the country of late years. A young physician attached to the Chel-sea Hospital for Women has invented and used, it is said, with success a machine which, in cases of cancer, will direct a current of electricity against a diseased cell strong enough to destroy it, and at the same

time will not injure the healthy cell. In Massachusetts the pirth rate of the native population is 18 per 1,000, while that of the foreign population is more than 54 per 1,000, which is considerably higher than that of any other country. The proportion

of deaths among the foreign born, as com-pared with the natives, is one to three. The raccoon, when he goes fishing, will let his tail hang over into the water. The crabs mistake this for food and lay hold of it. When the raccoon feels a bite he removes his tale with a sudden jerk, captures his prey and removes a short distance from

the water, where he greedily devours it. Between the Aral and Okhotsk seas there is a spot half as large as the State of Michigan, which is frozen ground to the depth of ninety-four feet. That is, it has never thawed out since the world was created and probably never will, and even if it should nobody would have any use for it.

Mr. John Burt, of Warren county, North Carolina, was shot in the wrist at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. The ball broke the bone, and for twenty years he suffered no pain from the wound. A few days ago a piece of zine worked out of his arm near his elbow, where his arm has been troubling

A merchant at Sturgis, Mich., left his safe unlocked for twenty years, having a sign on the knob to the effect that it was not locked and only contained papers of value to the owner. The sign was taken off a few nights ago and thrown in the baste-basket, and that same night some fool burglars blowed the packing all out of it. There is a new use for hypnotism-namely, as a remedy for habitual drunkenness,

The drunkard, after being hypnotized, is informed that ardent spirits are nasty, and the object of his particular hatred. If this is repeated two or three times, the habit of thought becomes so fixed that the drunkard cannot bring himself to drink a drop of Some experiments by Professor Hækel, of Marseilles, show that kola is a drug of extraordinary powers of stimulation. The

colonel of a regiment at Perpignan, dosed

with kola, made the ascent of the Canigor

mountain, 9,137 feet, and felt quite fresh

after his climb, which lasted twelve hours. He only halted once, and for twenty minutes, and ate nothing. A cure for stammering has been discovered. It consists in keeping silent for ten days, then speaking in whispers for ten days more, and finally returning to the ordinary voice gradually. The expert who advances this theory has not as yet been able to obtain a disciple of the fairer sex

to experiment on. At the first step in his treatment there was general mutiny. James M. Rice, a farmer, living in Indiana, is trying the experiment of raising wild goese and ducks. He has a half dozen of each, which he has on ponds on his farm. They were caught on the Kankakee river last fall, and he keeps their wings clipped They have become quite tame, but it remains to be seen whether they will become thoroughly domesticated and breed. Two wild ducks have been living on an adjoining farm for three years, but have never

Farm Mortgages in Howard County. Kokomo Gazette-Tribune.

reared any young.

County Recorder Joseph E. Vaile has made a careful investigation of the number and aggregate of unsatisfied mortgages on the county record. His consideration of this subject brings his estimates approximately near the truth. In his judgment, the unsatisfied mortgages on the farms of the county aggregate not more than \$300,-000. This is his estimate of the unsatisfied mortgages as they appear on the record. and is probably very near the exact truth. Certainly the partial payments that have been made on these debts, which do not appear of record and are not considered in Mr. Vaile's estimate, are large enough to make his figures fairly within the bounds of truth. Last year's valuation of the farm lands and improvements in the county, as rated for purposes of taxation, aggregates over \$3,500,000. It thus appears that the aggregate mortgaged indebtedness of Howard county's farmers is considerably less than one-tenth of the amount of the valuation of their farms as reported for taxation. When it is remembered that the valuation for taxation is ordinarily not more than one-fourth of the actual market value, it will be seen that the calamityite's dismal story about hopelessly mortgaged farmers has no fair application to those who live in Howard county.

Not That Kind of a President.

Evansville Journal. After a year and three months the Presidont has just written his first veto, giving good reason for it, and it was not "a pen-